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www.paulraymond.com

CLUB INTERNATIONAL

100%BABES!

40 & NAUGHTY!

SANDY? HANDY!

The Club legend joins the party!

WANNA BLOW?

Sasha & Krystal want to handle your candle!

PLUS:

STIG OF THE DUMP! READER'S GIRL GRADUATES! CAKE!

VOL. 40.1 £4.10

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EDITORIAL

Of *Club*'s 40 years, I've spent 12 working on it, and a good 10 before that reading it. For me, it's always been the cream of the top shelf, home to the hottest girls from all over the world, and some pretty nifty writing too. It wouldn't be what it is without the wonderful babes that want to appear in it, and the readers who keep coming back for more. For this anniversary, we've brought back Sandy and hooked Sasha up with fellow Brit Krystal and now we're overdue some fizz... ♣

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PAUL RAYMOND
40 YEARS OF CLUB

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35

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"CHAMPAGNE, CAKE AND KRYSTAL – ALL IN THE SAME MOUTHFUL!"
44

LETTERS TO THE LOUNGE

Send your letters to: The Editor, Club International, The Lounge Suite, 3rd Floor, 207 Old Street, London EC1V9NR or email clubint@paulraymond.com. Best letter published every month gets £50

Dear Club,
I wonder how many of your readers have had work-related sex, as in they've been doing a job that has resulted in an unforeseen sexual encounter. Well, that's something that recently happened to me.

I was working as a promotions model at a cosmetics industry exhibition and, as you can imagine, my co-workers were very good-looking girls. During a particularly slow time on the opening evening of the expo I was standing behind the counter when I felt a hand slide down the back of my skirt and nestle on the bump of my arse. I jumped when the hand suddenly squeezed one of my cheeks.

"Nice arse," said my co-worker, Anna.

"Thanks," I replied. "You know what? I actually liked that!"

"Cindy said you would," said Anna.

At that moment Cindy sidled over and said, "Was I right?"

"Right on the money," answered Anna.

The remark made us all chuckle, and Anna suggested that once the expo had wound down for the evening we all head back to her hotel room – which we did. Later that night we were all down to our underwear and sipping wine, when Cindy said, "So, Lucy, have you ever tasted pussy before?"

"No," I replied. "But I'd love to."

Cindy pulled off her knickerss, then lay down on the carpet in front of me and spread her legs as wide as she could. "Wow!" I exclaimed. "Your pussy is so beautiful."

"Then kindly show your appreciation by eating it," said Cindy.

I was on her in a flash. I parted her snatch lips with my fingers and buried my face in her wetness. She smelled gorgeous, sweet and peachy. I inhaled deeply and sighed. Then I started probing her pinkness with my tongue, voraciously dipping it in and out, like a hummingbird extracting pollen from a flower. As I licked, sucked and poked I lost all track of time. At least, I did until Anna suddenly ripped my knickers clean off me, and before I knew it she too was lapping away at pussy – mine. A dirty thought flashed through my mind. I wished that Anna had set up a video camera and shot us all at it, so that I could frig myself senseless whenever I wanted to, while watching the film.

After a few minutes of our tongue and pussy duelling, I felt that tell-tale tingle in my nether regions, and the oncoming swell of an orgasm. A few moments later it hit me, and as I thrashed about Anna held me in place and ploughed her tongue even deeper inside my cunt as my juice splattered her tongue. I was still cumming when Cindy started squirming beneath me. So I gripped her by the hips and held her down as her juices oozed from her gash.

When Cindy and I had recovered from our orgasms, Anna said, "Okay, ladies, not only is it my turn to cum, but you're both going to cum again with me." Then she trotted off to the bathroom, returning with three dildos.

"Okay, Lucy," said Anna. "We're all going to lie on our sides in a rough circle so that we can dildo each other simultaneously. Cool?"

"As a January night in Scotland," I replied.

We all assumed the position and Anna said, "Dildos at the ready?"

As we held our fake dicks aloft, Anna continued, "Then place the head of the dildo at the entrance to the cunt in front of you, and on the count of three we fuck until we all have screaming orgasms."

Anna began the countdown, but at the count of two slammed the dildo she was holding right up my pussy. As my cunt was so juicy from having already cum, it went

IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY!

Dear Club,
I saw in your last issue it was going to be your 40th birthday. I've only been a *Club* reader for 5 years – I was too young before that – but have to say it's my favourite of all the mags. I read a few other Paul Raymond titles as well, but my mate who put me onto *Club* told me it had the fittest girls, and you haven't proven him a liar yet. Here's to another 40 years so I can grow old with *Club*.
Liam, Chester

Liam, that's exactly how we found out about Club as well – word of mouth and people saying it had the hottest women from around the world. Hopefully we're keeping those standards up in these difficult post-internet times, and we'll keep bringing you these girls for as long as you want 'em! Cheers.

Club_4001_Letters DONE.indd 4 15/12/10 23:37:16

WORDS OR PICTURES?

Dear Club,
As much as I like looking at the girls in *Club* – it's the main reason I've been buying the magazine for 20 years – I love the letters too. So much thanks for the extra large *Talkin' Blue* section in your latest issue. The combination of filthy letters from your readers and the pictures worked a treat for me. What are the chances of making this permanent?
Samuel, Dudley

Cheers Samuel, and cheers for being a loyal reader. We just had a massive postbag of filth last month, hence the extra-large section, but we're not averse to doing it again when the postie brings us lots of naughtiness. What do other readers think? More letters and stories, or more flesh?

inside to the max. I gasped loudly, and slammed the dildo I was holding into Cindy's fanny – and she rammed hers into Anna. Fuck the gentle approach, we were rabid sluts in heat, and we wanted to bring each other off as quickly as possible. My cunt clenched and unclenched on the dildo drilling me, and after less than 60 seconds I had my second orgasm of the evening, swiftly followed by Anna and Cindy who climaxed together.

Afterwards we relaxed with a few drinks. Anna said, "I think you'll enjoy this," and handed me a CD with footage of our lesbo frenzy. "I didn't think you'd mind." You bet I didn't!
Lucy, London ♣

PHOTOS: EXPOSUREZONE

MESSY MISS! ♣

Tenaya's sweet, but she ain't neat...

Tenaya looks like she lives in somewhere from *wallpaper* magazine, or perhaps the films *Barbarella* or *Sleeper*. Either way, it doesn't look too cosy.

"This isn't my house, you fools," scolds Tenaya. "It's a friend's studio. My place is a right tip in comparison. In fact, we were going to shoot at my house, but it's in a state and the photographer had a hissy fit. Clothes everywhere, sex toys on public display, CD's and records all over the shop. In fact, my place looks like a student house after a bomb has dropped."

But you look so refined, Tenaya.

"Looks can be deceiving. I'm just a normal girl, really. Albeit with a messy flat, loose morals and an open door approach to blokes coming round to fuck me!"

We'd love to get messy with you, that's for sure... ♣

Club_4001_Tenaya DONE.indd 6 15/12/10 23:39:35

Club_4001_Tenaya DONE.indd 7 15/12/10 23:39:38

Club_4001_Tenaya DONE.indd 8 15/12/10 23:39:52

Club_4001_Tenaya DONE.indd 9 15/12/10 23:42:41

Club_4001_Tenaya DONE.indd 10 15/12/10 23:40:20

Club_4001_Tenaya DONE.indd 11 15/12/10 23:40:26

PHOTOS: VLT

VERA'Y NICE!

...and Nataly's not too shabby either!

We had a whole heap of challenging, probing questions lined up for the lovely Nataly and Vera. However, when we turned up, dictaphone in hand, we couldn't get their attention for more than a cursory 'hello'.

Nope, while our questions hung in the air like a bad smell (by the way: not guilty), they fucked the hell out of each other. Tongues, toys, twats and lots of things that don't even begin with a 't' were all in play, with Vera taking her mouth off Nataly's pussy just long enough to tell us that she hadn't had sex for 3 weeks, hence how ravenous she was for cunt. Vera was more than happy to be the recipient of such close attention. As you would be.

In the end, we just gave up with the questions and settled in for a very pleasant afternoon watching two ladies do things of little biological purpose but of intense aesthetic interest. It got messy, it got wet, it got noisy and everyone left happy. And when we left, it certainly wasn't with dictaphone in hand. Oh no... ♣

Club_4001_Vera & Nataly DONE.indd 16 15/12/10 23:48:17

Club_4001_Vera & Nataly DONE.indd 17 15/12/10 23:48:25

Club_4001_Vera & Nataly DONE.indd 18 15/12/10 23:48:42

Club_4001_Vera & Nataly DONE.indd 19 15/12/10 23:48:47

Club_4001_Vera & Nataly DONE.indd 20 15/12/10 23:48:58

Vera and Nataly go a whole lot further at...

www.paulraymond.com/club

Club_4001_Vera & Nataly DONE.indd 21 15/12/10 23:49:22

Club_4001_Vera & Nataly DONE.indd 22 15/12/10 23:49:34

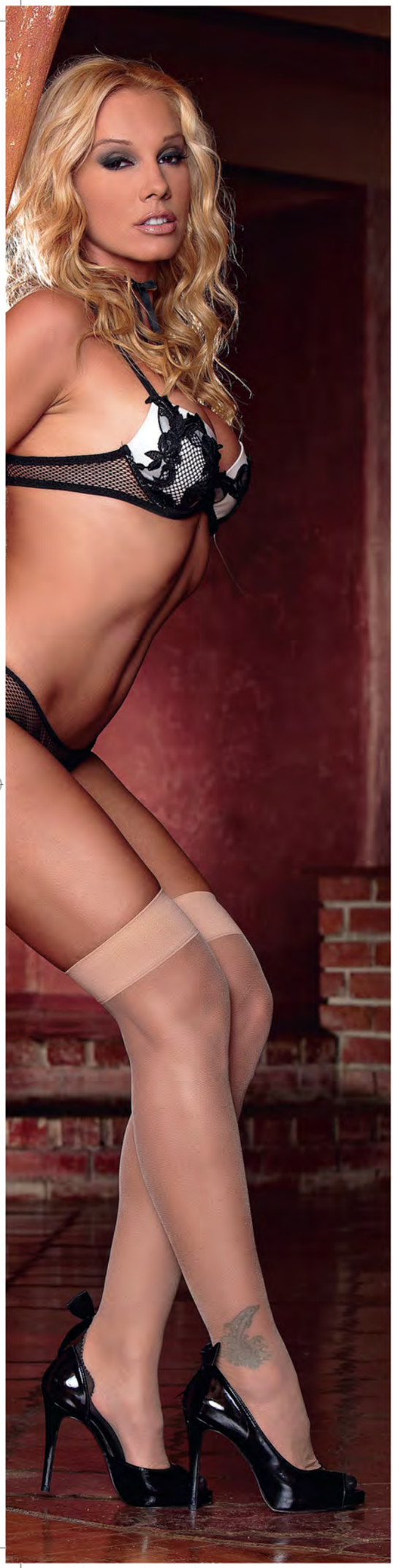
VERA & NATALY

Club_4001_Vera & Nataly DONE.indd 23 15/12/10 23:49:54

PHOTOS: HOLLY RANDALL

SHE'S BACK! ♣

The Queen of Club has still got it...



Club has played host to some legends of lust during its 40 years at the top, but few girls have a following as strong and persistent as the de-lovely Sandy. The star of our long-running *Sandy's Fantasies* section, the Euro queen is still going strong and, as the photos prove, still has it going on like a motherfucker.

"I've had a great career," says Sandy, ignoring the fact that we're not looking at her face while she speaks, but at her naked bits. "But the thing I'm proudest of is being in *Club*. We did some great shoots, I had some wild times doing them, and I've still got every single letter I ever received from a *Club* reader, although some of them are a bit ruined with the love juice I splashed on them!"

So, ready to retire?

"Hell no. Not while everything is still pointing in the right direction and I still have fans. I'm as horny as ever and working with some exciting new girls from Europe. As long as *Club* wants me, I'm there..."

Oh, *Club* wants you all right ♣

Club_4001_Sandy DONE.indd 29 16/12/10 00:07:27

Club_4001_Sandy DONE.indd 30 16/12/10 00:07:29

SANDY

club's kit bag

Hello John, got a new smartphone?

Canon Powershot SX210 IS

iPod Shuffle 2010

Nokia E5

Canon Powershot SX210 IS

£240

www.canon.co.uk

One of the few pleasures of a grim holiday in some tacky Spanish hi-rise shithole, is the very real chance of catching a glimpse of some tit on the beach. Trying to summon up that glimpse several hours later while you give yourself a sandy-cocked reach-around is all well and good, but what you really need is a lightweight camera with an excellent zoom so you can capture that moment for wanking posterity. This affordable beauty from Canon comes with 14x optical zoom, which is pretty stonking, and means you can zoom in on those norks from a decent distance while your hard-on burrows into the sand and you act all nonchalant.

Pros: Very good zoom on a camera this small, plus HD video.

Cons: Doesn't do a massive amount of other stuff.

iPod Shuffle 2010

£40

www.apple.com

Yes, we do realise how silly it is to review the 2010 iteration of the iPod shuffle in an issue that comes out on the cusp of 2011 – Steve Jobs will have his little elves working on a slightly different version as we speak – but we thought it was worth doing anyway? Why? They've only gone and given the Shuffle some buttons. Before, you had to dick around with the cable, which was awful, and it was basically a product that provided music for people who didn't care much about music. Now you can skip tracks with ease, even if you still can't see what you're listening to. But then, you can always go and buy an iPod like a real person, can't you?

Pros: Lightweight, gym-perfect, buttons make it much better.

Cons: No screen, a mere 2GB storage.

Nokia E5

£260

www.nokia.com

Ah, for those days when you were at the cutting edge if a) you had a phone and b) you could get a signal. Now the only people who can get away with a phone with a tiny screen and not much else are people over 65. Seemingly the rest of us desire a big screen, a big camera, the internet permanently on, Facebook and Twitter and god knows what fucking else. Still, Nokia's latest Blackberry rival is easy to use and does a lot of things you think you need it to do very well indeed. However, you're still fiddling while Rome burns.

Pros: Excellent camera, user-friendly, good battery.

Cons: Blackberry, HTC and Apple provide lots of competition at this pricepoint. ♣

Club_4001_Kit bag DONE.indd 44 16/12/10 18:49:42

PHOTOS: IAIN THOMSON

DANI IN VOGUE!

Our Readers' Girlfriend is all growed up!

We're always extra proud when models graduate from being a Readers' Girlfriend to become a model in their own right. We get a warm glow that we've uncovered yet another lady who will be making penises twitch in appreciation the world over.

"I never thought it would happen," giggles Danielle. "I did shoot for a couple of other magazines, but I thought that would be it. Now I'm in *Club* again, I've been all over the world, met some really famous models and photographers and I've having the time of my life!"

And what about the *Club* reader – your fella, we believe – who sent the original pictures in?

"Erm, he's long gone, I'm afraid. He thought he'd show my family the pics in *Club* for a laugh, and some of them went ballistic. So goodbye to him! Never mind, I'm having such a blast round the world that staying loyal would be a real problem anyway!"

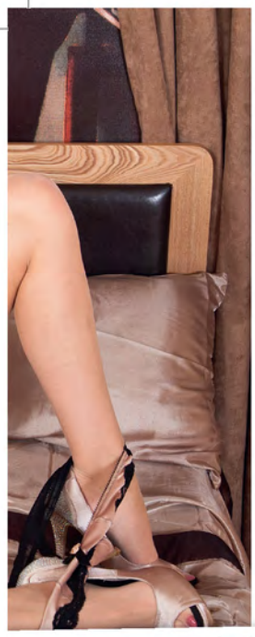
You're being a naughty girl?

"Hey, this might only last a short while. A girl has got to enjoy herself while she can, doesn't she?"

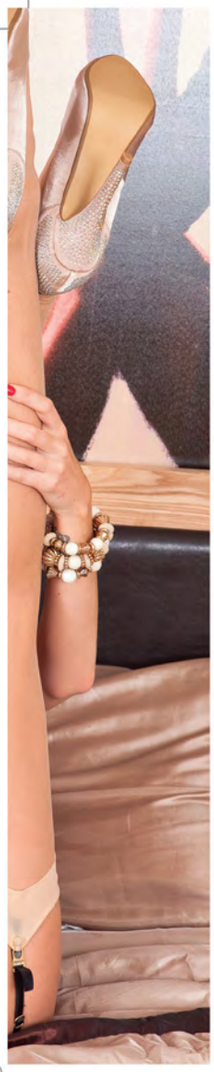
You won't hear us disagreeing. ♣

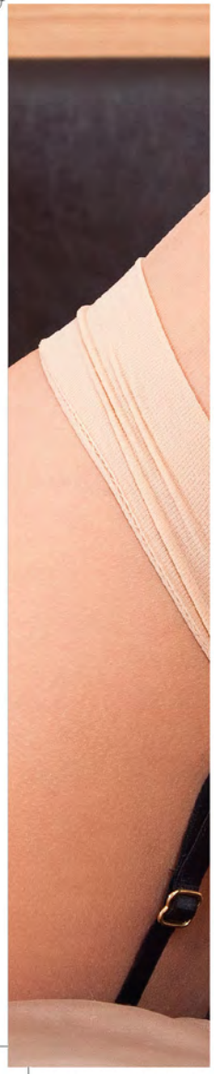
Club_4001_Danielle DONE.indd 36 15/12/10 22:00:10

Club_4001_Danielle DONE.indd 37 15/12/10 22:00:21



Club_4001_Danielle DONE.indd 39 15/12/10 22:00:42





DANIELLE

Club_4001_Danielle DONE.indd 41 15/12/10 22:00:59

CRACK TO THE FUTURE

WE GO BACK IN TIME TO CHECK OUT CLASSIC CLUBS AND THE GIRLS OF YESTERYEAR. JUST AS SOON AS WE'VE FIXED THE FLUX CAPACITOR...

INTERNATIONAL
club
PUBLISHED BY PAUL RAYMOND
VOLUME 15 NUMBER 7
£1.30
LIFE AT THE TOP BY DEBEE ASHBY
HER OWN TRUE LIFE STORY WITH NEW EXCLUSIVE PICTURES
EIGHT GIRL TUG O'WAR TEAM GET WET

1 club Event

Club_4001_CTTF DONE.indd 42 17/12/10 12:48:34

1

RUGGER BUGGERS

1986 sees indignities being heaped on models in the name of promoting rugby. Actually, we'd rather watch Ann, Kirsty, Maggie, Helen, Rhona, Claire, Carol and Suzanne get muddy and then have a bath than any tedious game of Union. But only if they juggled with our odd-shaped balls. Ignore the fact it's a tug o' war shoot.

2

I LOVE THE 80'S

No photoshoot we've seen quite screams 'The 80's' as much as this one. Big hair, jumpsuits, 'modern' sets, phone with rotary dial, red and white styling, leopardskin. But for all that, we still managed a big retro-wank over the lovely Suzette here. You can't blame her for the vagaries of time.

3

ASHBY-DE-LA-BOOBS

Legendary page 3 girl Debee Ashby got her start in our sister mag *Men Only*, although she doesn't seem to be happy about the surreptitious snatch snap that crept in there as well. Revelations? She lives with her parents, she got done for tax and was mates with Tony Curtis. Still, what a pair, eh?

4

COTTAGING

Regular columnist and sex goddess of the 80's Linzi Drew writes this month about moving home, being on *Spitting Image* and winding up in a lovely country cottage. She is, of course, the perfect justification for a time machine – just look at those amazing legs and the very idea of being between them. Sorry, gents, we're off to the office bathroom... ♣

Sasha's Secrets

Every month, Club's sensational regular girl Sasha will act out your fantasies. She's not shy – write to her and tell her exactly what you want her to do. Who knows, you might be lucky enough to get Britain's fittest lass juicing up over your letter and then making it come to life. Oh, and she gets even dirtier online, where we've got the pics we can't show you in the mag!

Sasha

FAB 40
Lanson
40 Today

40
Lanson

40
FAB

FAB 40
40 Today
Lanson

I had such a blast doing this shoot for *Club*'s 40th anniversary. How could I not: Champagne, cake and Krystal all at the same time – and sometimes in the same mouthful! Spraying fizz all over each other wasn't the only way we got sticky, I can tell you!

I'm really proud to be *Club*'s regular girl on such an anniversary, especially considering some of the girls who've gone before me. That's 40 years of the world's fittest women – and little old me, of course! We've got some really cool stuff lined up for this year as well, I love dressing up for you boys, and I love undressing as well. Now, excuse me, but I have to finish eating this cake from Krystal's body! ♣

Club_4001_Sasha DONE.indd 46 16/12/10 00:43:43

LANSON
Lanson
BRUT
40
Today

Club_4001_Sasha DONE.indd 48 16/12/10 00:47:10

Dear Sasha

My tastes are pretty old-fashioned. Like a lot of your fans, I'd love to see you dressed up as a teacher. Maybe it's because my teachers were such bastards and battleaxes that I dream of some special tuition at your tender hands. I think you'd be patient, although I'm not sure what the headmaster would make of you flirting with your students. Then again, I think you'd be able to persuade the headmaster of anything! So how about it?
Matthew, Birmingham.

Way ahead of you, Matthew. Quite a few readers have written lovely letters to me asking if I'll dress as a teacher or lecturer, so we've finally made it happen and you'll see it next month in Club. I love the idea of a class of naughty boys having to do what I tell them, although I'm not sure I'd get much teaching done!

Dear Sasha

I bet you've had stacks of proposals from other blokes, but I'm deadly serious – Sasha, I'd marry you in a heartbeat. I earn quite a lot of money, I'm well-read and intelligent, I work out regularly and girls tell me I've got a nice, thick cock. Also, I'm not the jealous type, so I'd be happy for my wife to keep appearing in *Club*. Especially with other girls. Of course, you'd have to bring them home afterwards...
Stefan, Somerset

Funnily enough, Simon, this is only the second proposal I've had. I was beginning to think you boys didn't like me! As sweet as your proposal sounds – and as sweet as you sound – I'm afraid I'm not a one man kind of girl. There's a field out there to played, and I intend to play it. Still, if you're in that field, you might get a game!

Club_4001_Sasha DONE.indd 50 16/12/10 00:45:09

SASHA & KRYSTAL

Club_4001_Sasha DONE.indd 51 16/12/10 00:45:28

READER'S GIRLFRIEND

Fancy a Reader's Girl slot? Then send a picture, along with your name, address and a contact telephone number to: Readers' Girls, Club International, 3rd Floor, 207 Old Street, London, EC1V 9NR (or email clubint@paulraymond.com). If you've got the Club look you'll get a top photo shoot and a £250 cheque, too!

NAME: Maria **AGE:** 23
FAVE SEX: Blowjobs.
WHAT'S SHE LIKE? Confident in her own sexuality.

WHY DID YOU WANT TO APPEAR IN CLUB INTERNATIONAL?
Because I thought I could make the grade as a *Club* girl. All of my friends think I've got amazing tits, so I wanted to share them too.

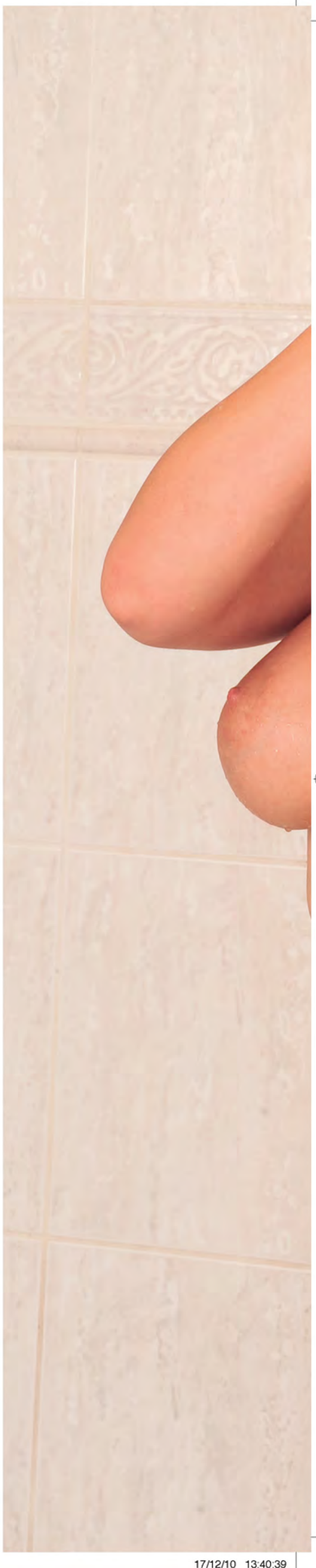
THEY ARE VERY NICE INDEED.
Thanks. They're all mine too. I find I can get what I want easily by having a cleavage.

AND WHAT DO YOU WANT, EXACTLY?
Erm, cock! I've never got over the pleasure of making a dick hard and then doing things with it, and my tits wrapped around a dick usually make that happen!

SOMEONE TOLD US YOU GIVE A KILLER BLOWJOB...
It's not bad, even if I do say so myself. It's all about a long, slow tease – rubbing it over my lips, my tits, my pussy – before attacking it with deepthroats and lots and lots of spit!

OH CRIKEY. SO, HERE'S THE INEVITABLE QUESTION: FACE OR TITS?
Ha ha! Both and more! I don't rush a blowjob, and if I think you're coming too early, I slow down. So by the time you do come, there'll be a build-up and there'll be enough for me to swallow some, spray some on my tits and then moisturise my face! ♣

Club_4001_Maria RG DONE.indd 53 17/12/10 12:34:14



MARIA

Club_4001_Maria RG DONE.indd 56 17/12/10 13:40:39

HAVE A DAY OUT WITH A TOP PHOTOGRAPHER, GET YOUR KIT OFF AND MAKE £250!

READER'S GIRL APPLICATION FORM

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

_____

_____

PHONE NO. _____

AGE: _____

BRA SIZE: _____

HAIR COLOUR: _____

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN IN A MEN'S MAG BEFORE? _____

IF SO, WHICH ONE? _____

_____

WHAT DO YOU LIKE MOST ABOUT CLUB? _____

_____

_____

PLEASE TICK IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO BE ON OUR MAILING LIST ☐

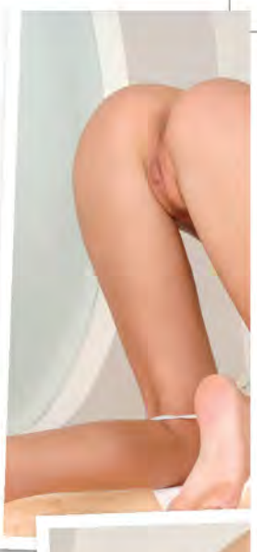
Send to: Club Readers' Girlfriends, Club International, 3rd Floor, 207 Old Street, London EC1V 9NR

Please enclose a recent photograph of yourself, preferably nude, in underwear or a swimsuit.

Alternatively you can email your photographs and details to:
clubint@paulraymond.com

TALKIN' BLUE

Got an experience to share? Then send it in to Talkin' Blue at the usual address and if it's up to scratch you'll bag yourself £50!



HOTEL HOTTIE!

Recently I went to a party at a newly-opened boutique hotel. I don't know whose it was, just that the schmoozing pal I went with slunk off to suck some rich bloke's dick.

I was having a dull time and would have left if I hadn't got talking to Janine, a skinny brunette who kept making smart remarks about the other guests. Some of the stuff she said was cruel, but all of it was true! She was so obviously flirting with me – that freaked me out a little as I consider myself straight. But she was cute, so when she grabbed my hand, I let her take me to an empty suite with a kitsch seventies feel.

She kissed me and I slipped her some tongue and felt her boobs – which were very big for a petite girl. We planned on a ten-minute quickie, but it took almost twice as long just to get each other topless. My tits were too good for her to rush, and by the time she was done sucking on my nipples, the insides of my thighs were drenched with juice.

She stuck her hand down there, and said I was way too wet to cum from her fingers – my cunt needed something bigger, more solid inside of it. She rummaged in her purse and pulled out a dildo – plus what I realised was a strap-on harness!

Now she was a chick with a dick who wanted to fuck me. I laid back on the floor and she went down on me, head bobbing as her tongue reamed along my slit. She got so caught up in eating me and I loved it too, except the idea of her doing me with the strap-on was getting me hotter. I didn't want to tell her to stop sucking my cunt, but in the end, I asked was she going to fuck me with the toy or what?

She knelt up, shiny wetness all around her mouth, smiling to herself as she wanked the dildo. Then, so slowly I almost screamed at her to hurry up and fuck me, she moved forward and rubbed the head of it up against me. Finally, she slipped it inside. My cunt opened up to engulf it, then snapped tight, holding it inside of me.

She just looked down at me, grinding her hips to tease me. I lifted and spread my legs, Janine holding my ankles to push them even farther back. She said if I wanted to take her, it had better be deep. She didn't look like she had any weight to put behind her, but she was one tough girl, thrusting in just as hard as the biggest man who'd ever fucked me. She kept talking dirty, too, telling me, "Take my dick!" like it was real to her right now.

I was frigging my clit, spreading myself open for her, and now that she was fucking me hard, I started to cum. She leaned forward, tits flattening up against mine, and she gave me a wide-open kiss, sucking on my tongue as the pleasure pulsed through my hot body.

Now she pulled out the cream-coated dildo, and sucked it clean, smacking her lips at the flavour of my pussy. Then she told me to strap it on. I felt freaked out again, but so aroused. I had her against the wall, one leg up, fucking her upright. Then she decided she wanted to watch us fuck, and so I spun her around to face the mirror, slipping into her pussy

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from the rear, and cupping her tits from behind.

I didn't squash them, just placed my hands on them, so I could feel them jump and bounce around as I banged her. She kept moaning, ordering me to give it to her harder and I was rocking on my heels, I was going so hard. Suddenly she let out a squeal, finally losing her cool, and I felt her fanny close so hard around the dildo, as an orgasm shattered through her.

I don't know who she was, and I kind of like it that way. But every time I accept a party invitation since then, I end up wondering, will she be there?

Ursula, London

MEAT FEAST!

I couldn't believe it when I saw Jim at a barbecue – his hair was shorter and darker than previously, but I knew he was the man I'd sucked off at some party a few years before. He recognised me too and, after avoiding him for an hour, I was just tipsy enough to accuse him of being the bastard who'd got what he wanted, then left me hanging. He promised he'd looked for me but I'd gone – and told me how he'd left on his own and spent the night stroking off over the blowjob I'd given him.

I said I'd fully intended to fuck him, and we both seemed to have a 'What if?' moment. Followed very closely by a 'Why not?' moment! To pick up where we left off we needed to backtrack. Locked in a bedroom in the house, I unzipped him and the memories came flooding back – right into my mouth and pussy. I started salivating as I hefted his big cock in my hand, wetting it as I took it inside of my mouth.

Even the smell of him – beer, smoke and cologne – triggered how I'd felt that time. "Remember how you caressed my balls?" he moaned. I didn't, but he seemed to like me improvising it, pattering my fingertips on his nuts, then rubbing his balls up against my chin as I deepthroated him.

> **"I sank all the way down, then caught his balls and rubbed them against my slit"**

If anything had changed we'd both got better at this, more confident. I wanked and sucked, still keeping up a gentle pressure on his balls. Then I felt them bunch up in my hand as he shot his load. I swallowed the first jet, took the second on my tongue, then let him spurt the rest all over my boobs. They're small but perky, and look great covered in spunk!

We weren't planning to stop at this, though, not even if our hosts started busting down the door. As soon as Jim was ready, I began to wank him stiff again. It didn't take a lot of doing, and he said he wanted me to sit on his dick, put all my weight on him and just enjoy the ride as he bucked up under me.

He held me by the hips and moved me, bouncing and circling me on his rigid prick – it felt so big drilling up inside of me. I wanted him to feel me cum, and so I reached down to frig my clit. As my pussy squeezed his dick, he let me sink all the way down. Then I caught his balls again and rubbed them up against my slit. They were shaved, his stubble a little rough against my smooth-waxed twat.

Now I was leaning my hands against him, fucking him hard, the juices running out of me to soak his crotch. His dick kept jolting in me – I figured he was ready to cum.

Then he lifted me clear, trying to hold off just a little longer. I got on my hands and knees, told him to slam it to me real hard. I was moaning, and spotted an open window which meant the entire barbecue could be listening. But all I cared about was the tightness in my cunt, and then the hot sensations exploding through every nerve.

That triggered Jim off cumming too – he slammed his prick in, fingers clawing at my bum, sinking himself to the limit inside of me. Then I felt more warm, wet jets – my skin actually tingled where the first wave had hit before – and he filled me full. When he pulled out, I felt a big gush of cum pour out of me.

I asked Jim whether I had lived up to his wank fantasies. He said his imagination wasn't anything like as dirty as me. Now he was regretting losing the chance to fuck me the first time even more, so I said we'd better make up for lost time.

We're spending a week together next month, doors locked and phones switched off. It's kind of a gamble as we hardly know each other really, but as the plan involves plenty of hardcore fucking, I think it will be just fine!

Melanie, Penzance

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NASTY NERDS!

I'll admit it – I've always had a soft, wet spot for nerds. I was an über-nerd myself till university, where I first went bleach-blonde and began to see having big tits as an asset, not a liability! Now that I've unleashed my inner exhibitionist, I often go to fantasy and sci-fi conventions in costume, usually skimpy ones, and I always pull. The men may not be cool, but they are horny and often kinky. Most are also gadget hounds and so, when we get

Club_4001_Talkin Blue DONE.indd 60 16/12/10 00:17:59

back to my place, the toys come out.

Most recently, I met two best friends, Adam and Ben, and took them home. Ben was a classic nerd and also a total tit-fanatic – he stripped me down to my tight black patent thong and high boots, and just lost himself in sucking my nipples.

Meanwhile, his mate undressed to reveal a tattoo, plus a sexy piercing in his cock. I pulled away from Ben and crawled over for a closer look and began to play with him, wanking him then licking his helmet, using my tongue to flick and spin the ring. He moaned and grabbed the back of my hair, coaxing me to take him in some more. He wasn't expecting me to suck him in all the way to the hilt, but he kept his cool.

As I sucked him, Ben joined in the fun again, tonguing along the lines of my thong, then pulling it sideways so he could eat me out. With a mouthful of cock I couldn't make much noise, but Adam groaned enough for both of us, as I blew him hard and deep.

My cunt was throbbing ready for a dick, but as my juices flowed, Ben was licking them up my crack to my arsehole. Then he grabbed a dildo from my drawer, spat on it, and eased it slowly inside my arse. Adam liked this game and, though it seemed a wrench, he pulled out of my mouth and gave me a mock-cock to suck on, too. Then both guys got a vibrator for each hand and turned them up to maximum.

> **"He gasped and hs jizz just shot out, spurt after spurt splashing all over my body"**

Ben went back to my tits, sucking on my nipples and working the tip of his vibes over them, making my orbs quiver. Adam played one over my clit till he hit the spot, and used the other wherever he wanted. One time he ran it over the sole of my foot and it drove me crazy, so I was thrashing and squirming on the bed.

Their dicks were jutting skyward, so tempting, and I took them in my hands. Adam's looked like he might blow his mess any second, but I went easy on him, controlling the pace with my hand. I jerked them both, cumming all the while myself from what they did to me, little shocks of pleasure flashing between my tits and crotch. I've done plenty of anal, vibed my own arsehole countless times, but I'd never had intense orgasms like this ever before.

The boys were feeling it too. Ben seemed so cool and detached, like I was wanking off someone else. Then it was like it took him over – he gasped and his jizz just shot out, spurt after spurt, splashing all over my body as I aimed his dick.

Adam held it together a little longer, then blew his load all over me too, his cock-piercing making his juices splatter everywhere, raining on my belly and twat as well as my tits. I kept myself busy, clenching my bum around the dildo as I vibed my tits and clit. Then Ben was hard again and taking his turn at being sucked, while I took Adam's pierced dick in my cunt.

They each got to fuck me in all three holes, and I'll forgive them for switching on the TV for a certain sci-fi show as it's must-see viewing for me, too! Anyway, I took Adam to nerd heaven, sucking him slowly while he watched his favourite TV show. We're hooking up for another threeway soon. I can't wait to see them cream over the silver metallic space-slut costume I've had made. It's not a TV or comic character, just a trashy alter-ego I've invented.

Nicole, Strood ♣

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The Club International

Stereo of Filth & Love!

With Club's fanny-obsessed music madman DJ Radio Jamaica

January 2011

ALBUM REVIEWS

DEADMOU5

4x4=12 (Virgin)

Cool as fuck music for people who think that 2am is the start of the night and not the end. Get your new jeans and dancing shoes on, grab a gram of Disco Dave's weekly special, and gurn along to this Canadian bloke who everybody's raving about.

BRITISH SEA POWER

Valhalla Dancehall (Rough Trade)

BSP are the best band from Cumbria ever and this should be the first thing you shove on your iPod in 2011. Imagine banging a young Beatrix Potter on the side of Windermere with a lifetime's supply of Kendal mint cake. Sweet, isn't it?

JAMES

Gathering Sound (Mercury)

Unless you rob banks or need to launder money, eighty odd quid for a box set is a bit on the steep side. Still, you get 3 CDs, a DVD, a 12" and a 4GB USB stick to shove in your laptop. Which is great, but in ten years time when USB has gone the same way as VHS, it'll be no fuckin' use.

R KELLY

Love Letter (RCA)

Everybody likes a good looking young lady and none more so than R Kelly. His tunes definitely loosen the women. Cook the Mrs something fancy, a bit of R 'n' B in the background, and she'll be making those funny noises that we all like to hear.

DIDDY: DIRTY MONEY

Last Train To Paris (Polydor)

Love him or hate him – Diddy is cool as fuck. He may be a twat but he'll always have a bigger boat than you and he can sail into Ibiza and pop pills with fine Italian snatch any summer he wants to. Here be contributions from Jay-Z, Timberlake, Lil Wayne, and Grace Jones.

Stig It Up 'Em!

Club chats to the "sexiest fat man in show business," Stig of the Dump…

Apart from music, what else have you done to earn cash?

Most of what I've done is call centre work and the most mundane battery hen like jobs you could imagine. I did call centres for BT, Lloyds TSB, PPP Healthcare, electricity companies, and a medical company that employed people for research purposes. Anything that required sitting on my arse and getting paid for it was what I did.

Did you ever rob anything from the call centres?

Nothing of any major value but I got a ton of stationary and an office chair. I stole a headset and I used to answer phone calls at home on it for a while just because I found it hilarious. It's a five finger dip. Fuck the corporations. If it's not a family run business then my morals are a whole different code of ethics.

What is your biggest ever cock up?

Not killing Jeremy Kyle. He's a fucking bottom feeder. He's famous for getting council estate rats on his TV show and I would happily take a claw hammer to him. And there's a long list of other people too. N-Dubz, I would have said Jade Goody but karma took care of her for me.

Where have you been that you would recommend to the Club readers?

Croatia. Through my own ignorance, I always had Croatia down as some sort of Eastern Bloc place but it's not – it is paradise and one of the nicest places I have been in my life. I'm sure this will piss off a lot of lion hearts, but just get out of the country in general. England is a cold rainy place that doesn't love you, so fuck off and enjoy the rest of the world. Come back to it by all means, but don't just stay within the four shores of this tiny island or else you'll just end up fuckin' a family member.

Have you ever been in trouble with a foreign policeman?

I got lifted in Cyprus but they let me out – nothing past a few hours in a cell. I got arrested for trying to steal a pedalo. I fell asleep whilst trying to steal it so I never actually got it anywhere.

And did you manage to talk your way out of it?

Well, my old man is ex-army and so I just told them that my Dad was working at a certain army base and they just let me go. I mean, I wasn't actually hurting anyone; I was just trying to nick a pedalo.

What sort of women do you go for?

If I'm single, anything with a gash. If I'm looking for a wifey, I generally like brunettes who are funny and honest. I generally don't give a fuck about body size – I hate skinny women. I'll fuck a fat chick – I don't really give a shit.

To be honest, I wanna bird who's like a mate – a bird who I can have a laugh with but I want to fuck as well. As long as I get on with her and as long as she's got some tits on her, then that's all I really care about.

Do you like your girls shaven or bushy?

Definitely shaven, without a question of a doubt.

Where is your favourite Red Light District?

I've only ever been to the one in Amsterdam and I found it hilarious. I don't know if I could ever fuck a prostitute – first of all because my thing is all down to the fact of whether she's enjoying being fucked and knowing full well that she's in it for the coin means that she's not. Secondly, and more importantly, I'm not going to pay for a girl in Amsterdam when there's plenty of slags in bars back home.

What nationalities have you shagged?

Americans, French, Bulgarians, Spanish, Australians, Irish, Scottish, English, and Norwegian. For a big fat bastard I do quite well.

Cheers Stig. Keep on shaggin.'

Mood Swings is out now.

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Splatterhouse

(Namco Bandai)

PS3, Xbox 360

★★

On paper, *Splatterhouse* sounds great – a semi-legendary 80's arcade game given the home console treatment. Unfortunately, console games aren't played on paper. You play Rick Taylor, out to rescue girlfriend Jennifer who has been kidnapped by scientist Dr. West. West's mansion is home to homicidal freaks, and it's these you battle in entertainingly bloody ways. But that's as good as it gets. The camera is woeful, the framerates are piddly, the side-scrolling elements are a tedious chore. The splatter of blood is fun to begin with, but once the combat becomes beyond repetitive, you'll just turn off and go and do something more fun instead. A bloody shame.

Epic Mickey

(Disney)

Wii

★★★★

Mickey Mouse seems to have been ignored by gamers for a good while now, the possibilities of the characters forgotten. Well, Warren Spector hasn't forgotten, and he's just gone and fixed Mickey. That's not to say this game is flawless – controls are glitchy, the camera at times a royal pain – but it's still brilliant fun, and pushes the Wii's comparatively graphically limited hardware to the limits to look lovely too.

The paint-based theme is original too, and clearly Spector and his team haven't just tried to dash out A.N. Other game with a Disney license. No, it's a proper game, it's fun for all ages and, most of all, it's the game Mickey Mouse deserves. Now can we have a Goofy FPS?

Dead Space 2

(EA)

PC, PS3, Xbox 360

★★★★

Now, this is how you really do horror and combat. The original *Dead Space* was a hit with both punters and reviewers alike, its perfectly pitched combination of action, horror, combat and reasonably involving plotline launching a new franchise which we reckon will be around for a while, as long as they don't royally cock it up.

You're still Isaac Clarke in this sequel, and you're still kicking Necromorph arse about on a vast space city called 'The Sprawl'. Even if you don't care about plot development, there are enough new monsters and weapons to keep you as happy as a pig in shit, and it looks a treat too. In the absence of any decent *Aliens*-based games, what's particularly notable is how this captures the terror of endless deep space and the horrors that lurk within.

OFF YOUR HEDONIST

The endless quest for more stuff continues...

RATINGS: ★ GUY RITCHIE ★★ GUY CHAMBERS ★★★ GUY DEBORD ★★★★ GUY PIERCE ★★★★★ GUY FAWKES

A Bay of Blood

(Arrow Video, DVD £12.99, Blu-ray £16.99)

We've been on a bit of an Argento tip in *Club* recently, so maybe it's time we looked elsewhere for our stylish gore. Enter the legendary Mario Bava – director of *Black Sunday* and *Hatchet for the Honeymoon*, amongst others – with his own personal favourite of all his directorial efforts. A wealthy countess is slaughtered, and the battle for her estate spills even more blood, with deaths and gore galore. In common with other recent Arrow efforts, this has attention to detail out the ying-yang – reversible sleeve, collector's booklet, poster, splendid special features including stuff on the Giallo genre and a contribution from Joe Dante. Perfect for Xmas day, obviously.

★★★★

Outcast

(Momentum Pictures £12.99)

A hit at 2010's Frightfest in London, *Outcast* has a televisual rather than a cinematic cast – James Nesbitt, *Dr Who*'s current stunning sidekick Karen Gillan – but is no worse for that. Mary and her son Fergal arrive in Edinburgh, using magic to hide from their pursuer Cathal, played with ambiguous venom by Nesbitt. Vicious murders arrive on the estate along with Cathal – but is he the one killing everyone, or the one trying to prevent it? As modern slashers go, it's a treat, brains as well as brawn, and Nesbitt has rarely been better.

★★★★

12 MONTHS OF SASHA!

Love Sasha as much as we do? Of course you do, but it might be a bit tricky sticking pictures from *Club* up on your office walls – legislation and all that palaver. But her official calendar is a different kettle of fish – 12 months of Britain's fittest girl beautifully shot. Oh, and there are dates on there as well, but who needs to worry about that? So, 12 months of Sasha on your wall (she's called Sarah B on her calendar, by the way, the world is a complicated place) and 13 issues of Sasha in *Club* per year – looks like 2011 could be alright.

Sarah B's calendar – signed, mind you – is available from www.celebritycalendars.co.uk.

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book club

Bedside and bogside fodder...

Official English Leagues Football Records 2011
(Carlton £19.99)

If any records have been broken this season – apart from the day when all the Premier league teams scored – then surely it's been for 'most fucked-up season'. Blackpool's rise, Bolton playing football, Spurs beating top 4 sides, Chelsea and Man U losing their ruthless streak – it's all gone mental. What did we glean from the chunky stocking-filler of an annual? Well, Papa Waigo of Southampton was the top scorer in the Johnstone's Paint Trophy, Mikael Forssell is one of four players to have been subbed in nine straight Premier League matched and the 9th highest scorer in Notts County's history is called Harry Daft.

In other words, it's a source of pub ammo par excellence. Ideal for stockings.

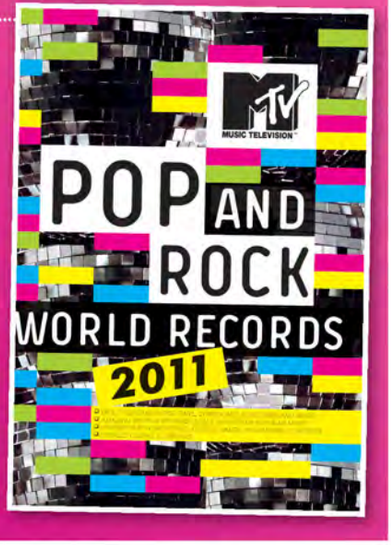
★★★★

BARCLAYS PREMIER LEAGUE
npower FOOTBALL LEAGUE
OFFICIAL ENGLISH LEAGUES' FOOTBALL RECORDS 2011
FEATURING BARCLAYS PREMIER LEAGUE npower CHAMPIONSHIP npower LEAGUE 1 npower LEAGUE 2 FACTS, STATS & RECORDS

Pop and Rock World Records 2011 – Luke Crampton & Dafydd Rees
(Carlton £19.99)

More fodder for stattos here, albeit with the patina of coolness that music offers. Unless you're a Susan Boyle fan, obviously. Here be facts like 'The First Songs Played on UK radio Stations' – Radio 1 kicked off with The Move's *Flowers in the Rain*. There are Grammy's, hit albums, final gig set lists, halls of fame and stuff that would make for exceptionally difficult pub quiz questions. Can you name the only Greek artist to top the American charts? It's Vangelis, obviously.

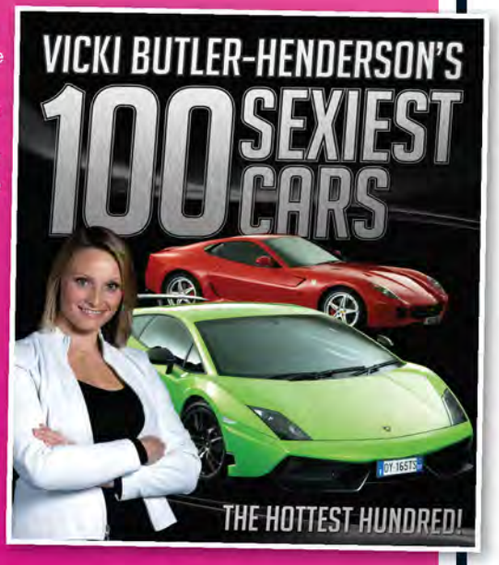
★★★★



Vicki-Butler Henderson's 100 Sexiest Cars
(Carlton £19.99)

The editor of this here magazine likes to pretend he's too intellectual to care about cars. The truth is: he can't drive. So his eyes glazed over when this arrived in the office but for car lovers, it's a nice piece of coffee table or toilet froth – nice to look at, plenty of lovely pictures, that kind of thing. The esteemed racer and TV presenters casts her eyes over the Bugatti Veyron, the Lamborghini Diablo GT and the Porsche 911, among others. The editor's pick – the 3-wheeled Thundersley Invacar, strangely doesn't make the cut.

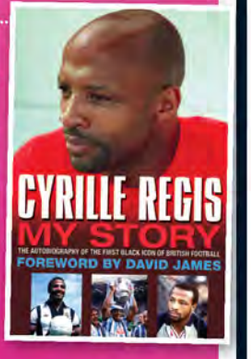
★★★



Cyrille Regis: My Story
(Andre Deutsch £18.99)

The silky, skilful, committed football players didn't have it easy. When he was plying his trade for West Bromwich Albion in the late 70's and early 80's, football was a spiteful, violent and racist place. For a player from the French Caribbean, this was a real culture shock. Regis' story is largely about this, but also about his own misbehaviour as a player – he's candid and pretty hard on himself. In many ways he broke down barriers for other black players and, while this isn't the most gripping football book ever, it's a fine read, and you'll end it with more appreciation of Regis than ever before.

★★★



Beatles Memorabilia: The Julian Lennon Collection – Brian Southall with Julian Lennon
(Goodman £25)

The Beatles industry juggernaut rages on. Even if, like me, you think they weren't much more than a very good band, you've got to admire the depth of passion among their diehard fans. Here, the late John Lennon's son shares his collection of personal memorabilia – from clothing to handwritten lyrics, personal photos to gold discs. Much has never been seen before, and will be essential for completists, but the book is somewhat light on anecdote or interesting writing. You won't learn anything you didn't know about the Beatles, but you'll see some nice stuff, I suppose.

★★★

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Club's Rough Guide To...

1972

So what 'went down' in the world of sport in the year that Club was born? After spending the last two days on Wikipedia, Matt Loxham is now ready to answer this very question...

West Germany Win The Euros

The fourth European football championship was held in Belgium, but took place on nothing like the scale it does today, featuring just a quartet of teams in the finals – the Soviet Union, Hungary, the hosts and, of course, the bloody Germans, who knocked England out in the tournament's qualifying stages.

Boasting a team featuring the likes of Gerd Muller, who scored four goals in two games, and the legendary midfield maestro Franz Beckenbauer, West Germany were rampant, easing past Belgium in the semi-finals and thrashing the Soviet Union 3-0 in the final.

Alex Higgins Becomes Youngest Ever Snooker World Champ

After turning professional at the, by today's standards, fairly ripe old age of 22, Alex 'Hurricane' Higgins entered his first World Championship in 1972 as a qualifier. Although considered an underdog amongst professionals such as Ray Reardon, Fred Davis and John Spencer, Higgins upset the odds and went on to win the tournament, beating John Spencer 37-32 in the marathon 'best of 73' final at Birmingham's Selly Park British Legion club – the heady days of the Sheffield Crucible and the huge TV audiences were still several years away.

Higgins' achievement was made all the more impressive considering that he was by all accounts living in a row of condemned houses in Blackburn at the time, moving next door when his current abode was set to be demolished.

Roberto Duran's 'Low Blow' Wins World Lightweight Title

'Brilliant', 'Skilful', 'Tough' and 'Gritty', Scotland's Ken Buchanan was a very well respected World Lightweight champion when he stepped in to the ring to take on a young and inexperienced Roberto Duran at New York's Madison Square Garden.

Over the course of thirteen thrilling rounds, however, 'Wild Child' Duran proceeded to beat-up on Buchanan with rapid-fire combinations and jolting jabs and hooks, showing the skill and power that would ultimately see him become one of the best boxers of all time.

A controversial climax to the bout came when Duran, caught up in the fury of the contest and evidently unable to hear the bell, carried on boxing after the end of the thirteenth round and hit Buchanan with a fearsome blow below the belt, leaving the Scottish fighter sprawling on the canvas clutching his crown jewels and unable to come out to box in the fourteenth.

With the referee waving away the furious complaints of Buchanan's corner, insisting that the 'low blow' was in fact a punch to the abdomen, Roberto Duran was crowned the new champion. Although Buchanan has since made up with Duran, at 64 years of age he still insists that he wants a rematch.

Here, mate, that's cheating!

Eddy Merckx Coasts To Fourth Consecutive Tour De France

Although he dominated the World Cycling scene for the best part of a decade, the mercurial Belgian was very much at his peak when he won the 1972 Tour De France by over ten minutes from his closest rival, the Italian Felice Gimondi.

A powerhouse in the mountains and tigerish is the sprints, Merckx earned the nickname 'The Cannibal' thanks to his reputation for being aggressive and giving little away in races, or as a teammate put it 'not even throwing his rivals the crumbs'.

Merckx's dominance in the Tour of 1972, and the threat he posed to the record of France's five-time winner Jacques Anquetil, meant that he faced much hostility from the crowds, and was actually asked not to take part by Tour organisers the following year to avoid the risk of violence to prevent him from winning.

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How do I get off this roundabout?

Munich Olympics Hit By Tragedy

'The Happy Games' as the organisers wanted them to be known, became quite the opposite when on September 5th a group of Palestinian terrorists belonging to the Black September organisation broke into the Olympic village and took 11 Israeli athletes, officials and coaches hostage, all of whom were killed either resisting capture or in the ensuing rescue attempt.

Although all events were briefly suspended, organisers insisted that 'the games must go on', and competition resumed just a day later. American swimmer Mark Spitz did his best to take people's minds off the so-called 'Munich Massacre', winning a then record-breaking seven gold medals in the pool, and Soviet gymnast Olga Korbut, making her first appearance on the Olympic stage, captivated the crowds with her innovative and pioneering routines, winning three gold medals in the process.

Oh, the beer festival is next week? Shit!

Billie Jean King Takes Fourth Wimbledon Crown

As both an incredible player and a tireless promoter of women's tennis, America's Billie Jean King revolutionalised the sport and set the female game well on its way to being on an equal footing to that of their male counterparts, perhaps most famously defeating former Wimbledon men's singles champion, Bobby Riggs, in a match dubbed 'The Battle of the Sexes'. We can only imagine he 'let' her win. Or she had an invisible tennis robot on her side, something like that.

In 1972, however, Billie Jean King was busy winning the fourth of her six singles victories at the All England Club, where she comfortably overcame the rather amusingly named Australian Evonne Goolagong Cawley in straight sets. Not as fit as Annabel Croft, but there you go.

Fittipaldi Cruises To Formula One Glory

Brazilian Emerson Fittipaldi was at his absolute peak going into the 1972 Formula One season. This, combined with the fact that he had the drive in what is still considered one of the finest cars ever to grace the sport, the Lotus 72D, meant there was little doubt who would be holding aloft the driver's championship trophy later that year.

Not even the legendary Jackie Stewart could stop Fittipaldi, and the talented Brazilian duly went on to win the title by sixteen points, winning five races out of eleven and turning the season into something of a procession. At 25, Fittipaldi became the then youngest champion in Formula One history, a record he held until Fernando Alonso won the title in 2005, aged 24.

Five Nations Rugby

With the championship building to an exciting climax, both Scotland and Wales still had to take on high-flying Ireland at Landsdowne Road, crucial matches that would have been pivotal in deciding the winner of the 1972 Five Nations crown.

However, following threats received by the Scottish and Welsh teams thought to be from the IRA, both sides refused to make the trip to Dublin, and the tournament couldn't be completed.

This was bad news for all three teams, as they all had a chance of becoming Champions, but not so bad for lucky old England, who had lost all four of their matches and were bang-on certainties for the Wooden Spoon.

In fact, we're not ruling out the possibility of phoning in a terrorist threat ourselves if it looks like all going tits up for England in the next Rugby World Cup. Only kidding, police! ♣

Club_4001_Rough Guide DONE.indd 71 17/12/10 13:54:30

PEACHES

The place to be for the world's dirtiest backdoor sex stories, where every girl gets a bum deal...

REAMING REVENGE!

Although my flatmate Gareth has a really fit girlfriend, he also likes to get a little extra on the side. Good for him, but this is what happened when Dawn found out...

Having taken the day off work, I was lazily stroking my dick while browsing through the latest *Club*, when there was a knock at the door. Answering it wearing only my boxers – which I suppose didn't do much to hide my hard-on – I opened the door to Dawn. "Hi, Dawn," I said. "Can I help you with anything?"

Smiling, Dawn's gaze came to rest on the obvious lump in my boxers. "Can I help you with that?" she enquired and reached out her hand to stroke it lightly. I stepped back, surprised, and she walked into the room.

"Erm, what's the score?" I asked her.

"It's your lucky day. I just found out that Gareth's been cheating on me, now it's my turn."

Unbuttoning her blouse, she came towards me, looking hungrily at my rapidly-growing dick. "It's called revenge," she said, then knelt down in front of me and released my aching knob. I felt her hot breath on my cockhead before she placed her lips on it, and gently wiped it from side to side before opening her hot mouth and sliding my throbbing cock inside.

Now, Gareth had always boasted about how good Dawn was at giving blowjobs, and he wasn't lying! She sucked and slurped at my pole until it was rock-hard. Her tongue moved in lazy circles around my balls and her hands reached around behind to squeeze my arse and pull me deeper into her hungry mouth. I was fit to burst when she stood up and led me by the bone to my bedroom.

Dawn quickly undressed and came to where I lay on the bed, straddling my face in a 69 and lowering her sweet pussy to my lips. She was dripping wet, and she moaned as I lapped at her twat, tickling her clit with my tongue and fingering her bumhole. I felt her take my fat cock back into her mouth with renewed frenzy. She slobbered up and down its length for a while, squeezing the underside to get my pre-cum flowing from the slit, then moved down my body and slid my cock into her slick snatch, cowboy-style. I watched it disappear between the glorious globes of her arse. The feeling of her tight cunt muscles squeezing my meat as she rode me was driving me wild! Once she'd got my cock soaked in her juice, she pulled it out of her twat, saying, "Do me in the arse!" Bum sex? Gareth hadn't mentioned anything about this!

> "I placed the head of dick against her brown eye and pushed my dick into her arsehole"

Dawn flipped over, raising her lovely arse in the air. As I placed the head of my dick against her brown eye, she let out a long, juddering sigh, and I pushed my engorged dick into her arsehole. I fucked her with long, slow strokes, each of which elicited a muffled animal grunt from Dawn, who had her face buried in a pillow. She reached underneath herself and started frigging her cunt, faster and faster, and I increased the pace.

"Oh God, I'm cumming. Fuck my arse! Fuck it harder!" Dawn yelled, and soon I was slamming my dick in and out of her tight cornhole. Then her entire body quivered as her orgasm ripped through her, and she flopped down on the bed. She turned over on her back and said, "Now come up here and fuck my tits."

Straddling Dawn's body, I guided my cock between her large, round tits, which she pushed together around my meat. I began to slide back and forth between them as she fingered her nipples, which were standing out like bullets. Every thrust of my dick was met with a swipe of her tongue on the tip.

Naturally, I couldn't keep that up for very long and I felt my orgasm beginning to build deep in my balls.Sensing that I was getting close, Dawn started wanking the length of my cock and fondling my balls. This sent me over the edge, and she gasped as the first spurt of cum flew from my prick and onto her boobs. She squealed in delight, jerking me faster and sending more thick ropes of cock-juice gushing out. Then, as my orgasm subsided, Dawn smeared my cum all over her tits with the head of my tool. In my opinion, revenge is a dish best served hot!

Charlie, East Anglia

FROM CLASS TO ASS!

When I hit 25 I decided to get my shit together and turn my life around. Having spent too much time in pubs picking up blokes who were bad news, I was determined to get on the straight and narrow. I enrolled in night college and cut off some of the losers I'd been associating with.

I'd been going to Spanish class for about a month when a new guy took the seat next to me. Seeing that he was built like a rugby player, with nice thick wrists, I soon found myself fantasising about him instead of minding my grammar. Then, when I got home, I'd fuck myself with my vibrator, imagining him pumping away on top of me until he came inside me.

Jake and I quickly became friends – in fact, he was so nice that I didn't think he found me

Club_4001_Peaches DONE.indd 74 16/12/10 00:34:46

attractive. I mean, what kind of man walks you home without making a move? A decent man, that's what. So I decided it was down to me to see if there was any hope here.

One weekend I was due to move house, so I roped Jake in to help. I couldn't help perving on him as he got hot and sweaty lugging my furniture around. My bed was the final thing to assemble, and once we'd got the last screw in I sat down on it and drew one leg up to my chest to give him the teeniest glimpse of my lingerie.

"So Jake," I said, "what's this all about?" He sat down next to me and held my eyes as I ran my thumb over his chest, down the neckline of his shirt. "Do you like me?" I let my hand drop into his lap. Smiling, he placed it on top of the bulge in his jeans, which I rubbed, feeling the heat beneath my palm.

Bending my head down, I unbuckled his belt, pulled down his fly and freed his cock from his boxers. It was thick and hard, just as I'd imagined it. I took it into my mouth greedily and sucked hard, enjoying the taste of his prick. I've always loved giving head, and I set to blowing him enthusiastically, taking his cock all the way back into my throat so that my mouth was completely full.

He held my hair out of the way to watch his cock pump in and out of my mouth all the way to the hilt. Whenever I flicked my tongue over his helmet, the taste of his pre-cum drove me wild.

"I want to fuck you," Jake muttered, pulling me away. He lay back, and I straddled him, teasing the head of his cock, wet from our shared juices, with my pussy lips. Bit by bit, I sunk all the way down onto his cock, then started to fuck him, slow and hard. I gasped as he pulled my hips down hard so that he was completely filling my pussy.

"Fuck me, fuck me," I begged, as I ground down on him harder, hearing his balls slap against my arse. I started to cum, my whole body shaking as I worked his cock with my pussy like a fist.

Jake start to speed up, wanting to cum in synch with me. "No, wait!" I said. I moved around onto all fours, reached between my legs and wiped my pussy juices over my tight arsehole. "You're not going anywhere till you fuck my arse," I challenged him.

Jake spat on his fingers and rubbed at my arsehole, slipping a digit inside. He pulled his finger out and I gasped in delight as his tongue flickered over my brown eye, getting it nice and wet. Then I felt his snub helmet pressing at my ring until he had penetrated it, and was sliding his cock slowly up my arse.

I rarely take a cock up my back passage, but now I found myself wondering why. It felt so wonderfully filthy having Jake's dick stretching my hole wide, his hips shaking as he pounded my arse. I was being pushed further across the bed with each stroke, and absolutely loving it. I braced my legs wider apart and frenetically rubbed my buzzing clit before Jake pumped hot wads of cum deep into my arse.

We fucked a further three times that night, each time making sure my bum got plenty of attention. I may not have opened my mind, but from now on my arse is open all hours.

Kelly, Kent ♣

Club_4001_Peaches DONE.indd 75 16/12/10 00:35:03

SCRUFF JUSTICE!

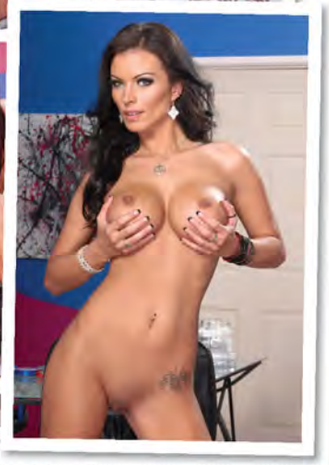
Movies that won't be troubling the Oscar jury...

RATINGS: ★ ALZHEIMERS ★★ ALIMONY ★★★ ALPEN ★★★★ ALEKTRA ★★★★★ AL GREEN

Mean Girls
(Wicked)

I'm glad that long-time stud Barrett Blade has moved behind the camera to become a director. To be honest, with his peroxided hair and stubby cock, he was no-one's idea of a great porn star. His directing is efficient enough, however, as contract stars Alektra Blue and Kirsten Price play the competing heads of two fashion houses. So they get to dress up, dress down and then get down and dirty and dressed in man-mayo. It's Wicked, so the sex is pretty and functional rather than dirty, but both the leads look great, Kirsten Price especially. We'd like to marry her and then do some of things she does in her films with her. Is that okay?

★★★★



Mother-Daughter Exchange Club 16
(Girlfriends Films)

GIRLFRIENDS FILMS
FOR FINE FOLKS WITH GOOD HEARTS AND CURIOUS MINDS
MOTHER-DAUGHTER EXCHANGE CLUB PART 16
MOTHER KNOWS BEST!

Yes, we raised an eyebrow at this concept for a porn film too. And then we raised the other one for good measure. They're careful to avoid hints of incest because it's a case of one daughter getting off with the other daughter's mum, and so on, but it's still a bit dodgy when they're all lined up with their flumps out beforehand. Plus, and how can we put this kindly? One of the mum's looks like a man with tits. She just does. No, it turns out we can't say that very kindly after all.

★★

Curvy Girls Cream-Filled
(Harmony)

HARMONY DISTRIBUTION
CURVY GIRLS cream-filled
2.5 HOURS
R18
DIRECTED BY ALEX ROMERO
STARRING CHRISTINA JOLIE, CATY CAMPBELL, BRITNEY, CINTIA FLAVER, CINDY DOLLAR AND MIA LEONE
SHOT IN HD

Our trips to Europe usually involve us getting lost, paying too much for the wrong food and shivering inside until the weather gets better and whose fucking idea was it to come to Paris in February anyway? Yet when Harmony go there it's all fit Euro sorts like Cindy Dollar and Britney going 'ooh la la monsieur, do me up the wrong 'un' (sorry, it's the only French we know. If they are French. Which they're clearly not). It's not fair. So tear up your passport, close the curtains and put this on instead. It's the only thing that Europe is good for.

★★★

Club_4001_Scruff DONE.indd 76 16/12/10 00:28:08

WEAR IT'S AT...

CLOBBER!

WRITING: DAN GREENPEACE (twitter.com/dangreenpeace)

Club's sartorial specialist is back with some tips on how to look hip and not like a hipster...

You're probably wondering why *Clobber*, your guide to what's hot in sartorial elegance didn't make the last couple of issues in this esteemed publication. Well, that's because no clothes were manufactured in the months of September through to December 2010. Seriously, no clothes were made anywhere in the world so I basically had nothing to talk about.

I was going to resort to doing a retrospective on the St Michael's spring/summer men's range of 1993, a vintage year in high street retail, but thought better of it and decided to wait it out until manufacturing resumed. Anyhow, as it's cold as chuff outside, we're lucky that sweatshops the world over have resumed operations and just in time for us to get you lot wrapped up warm and

Club_4001_Clobber DONE.indd 77 16/12/10 18:58:21

review the latest in winter essentials.

We've featured Sasha rocking something from the top end of the fashion spectrum, a crew wool jacket courtesy of Maharishi (*www.maharishistore.com* £360.00). As ever, Maha deliver the goods with embroidered detail, some warm-ass lining and pockets. Pockets are something of an extravagance but are handy for putting your hands in when it's cold. You can even put other nicknacks in them like car keys or money, chewy sweets or Sellotape.

I've recently been on the hunt for a goose down jacket but I wanted the flipping dogs nads of goose down jackets so did a fair amount of research. On the bottom end of the scale, Uniqlo make great value for money 'puffa' jackets but I believe you get what you pay for so opted for something more high-end. I took a look at Moncler which specialise in the ultra-shiny variety you see a lot of wealthy French tourists wearing, but not wanting to look like a wealthy French tourist steered clear of

> **"Pockets are something of an extravagance but are useful for your hands when it's cold"**

them. Plus they were coming in at over £700.00.

I finally decided= on Italian brand Duvetica (*www.duvetica.it*) which came in at a mere £500.00 from Selfridges, but the choice from their A/W 2010 range is astounding. There are literally hundreds of colours to choose from with a number of different finishes and they will last you eons. So don't buy cheap, invest and you'll get ten years out of one of these babies.

Finally, I thought I'd look ahead to sunnier climes rather than get dragged down by my Seasonal Affective Disorder. So hats off to established purveyors of the polo. Firstly, Ralph Lauren are finally offering their personalisation service on their UK website (*ralphlauren.co.uk*) where you can choose not only the colour of your shirt but the colour of the pony emblem too. Or you can go for a bespoke monogram if you're that vain. Take note: only go for the custom fit Polo's, they're so much more flattering for your man tits.

Lastly, Lacoste (*lacoste.co.uk*) have finally got someone decent in-house to help them bite into the streetwear market. Modern twists on their timeless polo now stand proudly next to varsity jackets with oversized flannel croc emblems that wouldn't look amiss in a 1980's rap video to give that retro street aesthetic. It's amazing how one right move can make everyone proud to sport the crocodile once again. Everything goes in cycles, as they say. ♣

Club_4001_Clobber DONE.indd 78 16/12/10 18:56:27

Maharishi
Crew Wool coat
£360
maharishi

POPSHOT CULTURE!

PORN/TECH GURU MATT SANDERS STOPS LOOKING AT DIGITAL SMUT LONG ENOUGH TO FILE ANOTHER MONTH'S WORTH OF COPY...

PORN STAR RETIREMENT HOME

Where we look back at the cock-slurpers who hung up their chaps...

No. 5 – NIKKI DIAL

Between 1991 and 1996, Pennsylvania-born fuckflick star Nikki Dial appeared in over 70 hardcore movies, having started out in the biz at the age of 18 in a porno called *American Built*. With her big hair, plump tits and wicked smile, she embodied that 90s pornstar look, and was regularly the star of whatever movie she was in. Born in 1973 (which makes her the same age as your writer, dear readers), she's a shy short-arse (just over 5 foot tall) whose demure manner belies the throbbing sex beast she could be when the cameras were rolling. Dial admits to running off set the first time she was supposed to act in a boy/girl scene, never even meeting the poor sod who was supposed to bone her, but "money and curiosity" got the better of her and she was soon fucking like a pro, becoming a Vivid contract girl.

Fans of Nikki won't see her slurp schlong any more, that's for sure. She hasn't returned to the biz to perform since quitting in the mid-90s, but still tours the US working in strip venues and appearing at porno conventions. She also voices hentai (Japanese porn cartoons) for American audiences. She quit porn to go to college but we don't know if she managed to get a proper job out of that. Hopefully the stripping's helping her make ends meet. And if not, I'm sure there are plenty of MILF porn opportunities we'd all like to see her exploit...

BIRD OFF THE BOIL

YOU WOULD, WOULDN'T YOU? OR WOULD YOU?

THIS MONTH: Sherilyn Fenn

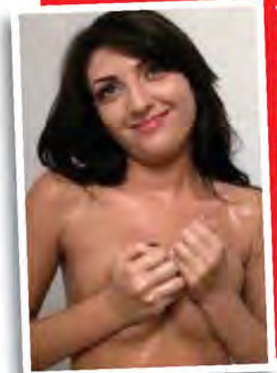
Ahhhh, *Twin Peaks*. When that first appeared on our tellies at the start of the 1990s, it blew our tiny minds. A TV series from the deranged brain of film director David Lynch, it featured a cast of bizarre characters and batshit crazy moments... and Audrey Horne. From the moment we saw Audrey, played by Miss Fenn, tie a cherry stem with her tongue we were hooked. She wasn't alone either, with the likes of Lara Flyn Boyle and Madchen Amick keeping the glam quotient high, but there was something special about this one. Those eyes, those eyebrows, those curves, she was like a sexy 1950s cartoon brought to life. So what happened? Well, career-wise, she fucked herself by appearing in films that were just plain shit (yes, *Boxing Helena*, we're talking about you). And looks-wise? Well, she's still okay for a gal hurtling toward the big 5-0 but inevitably those looks have lost their sultry edge and she just looks a bit mumsy these days. God, I hope she doesn't read this. If you do, Sherilyn, I'm only saying this cos twenty years ago just the mention of your name would make me flood my pants. And even now it gives me a boner. There's hope yet...

NEWS OF THE SCREWS

YOUR MONTHLY ROUND-UP OF THE BIG STORIES IN THE PORN BIZ

Ashton Gets Sp'nked

Not content with nobbing Bruce Willis's ex, Ashton Kutcher allegedly had a little fling with a 21-year-old hottie by the name of Brittney Jones recently. Now, we all know these Hollywood types have a habit of putting it about, so this wouldn't really be news to us were it not for the fact that the rather cute Miss Jones has just had a sex tape leaked, and it's now being distributed by Vivid Pictures. Don't worry – it's not Mr Demi Moore she's servicing on the tape, it's just some lucky ex-boyf, so you don't have to worry about seeing that "actor" lose his nutsoup over her pert pups. If Ashton is no longer available, or the chap on the tape, can I just throw my hat in the ring?



Sylvester's Coy

Try as hard as he might (and he has tried VERY hard) Sylvester Stallone just can't rid himself of his soft porn movie debut, *The Italian Stallion*. The film, made in 1970 with the original title of *The Party at Kitty and Stud's*, has resurfaced to haunt the stroke-faced muscle-man once more, having recently been sold on eBay, with full distribution rights, for a cool $412,000. The unnamed buyer now has the negatives and the rights to distribute the movie worldwide. A movie which netted Stallone the princely sum of $200. Have a feeling this is one worn out franchise he won't be making a shit sequel to in the coming months...

Club_4001_Popshot DONE.indd 90 17/12/10 13:07:52

jizz on my twits

THE BIT ABOUT BABES WHO LOVE TO BLOG...

Jenna Haze is what happens when you close your eyes and try to picture a porn star. She's lithe, sexy, gym-toned and, well, bloody gorgeous. She's also one of the not-so-rare-breed of porno gals who flood Twitter with their daily ruminations, observations and updates as to which seat on the plane she's got. Which, to be honest, is exactly what we want. How great is it, being able to track the daily routines of the girls you spend approximately a fifth of your waking day masturbating to? And the great thing about Jenna is that she's full of chat. Ask her a question and she'll goddamn well answer it. She's forthright in her opinions, doesn't take any shit, smokes pot (tick) and loves her pets (tick). Let's check in on some of her recent tweetings...

"Does my bed HAVE to be this comfy? I can't seem to pry myself loose from the blankets..."

"My mouth, pussy & ass are all available as fleshlights"

"I think I'm going to have a lazy day and smoke a bowl and watch a funny (kids?) movie.. Any suggestions?"

"I really really HATE racist people. Please open your mind and grow up. People are people regardless of their skin color & I LOVE all shades."

"I have 2 PS3s, an xbox 360 with Kinect, a wii, a sega genesis, an original nintendo & a PSP"

"When I get home I'm going to get stuff to cook dinner & hit up my volcano vaporizer! Pop open a bottle of Pinot Noir to celebrate a successful weekend & RELAX!!!"

There you go – not only does she suck ding-dongs like she was born to, she's also a gamer geek and an advocate of human rights. What's not to love? Get your sorry ass, balls and cock down to *www.twitter.com/jenxstudios* today.

Top Five...

Sexy Video Game Girls

They might be made of pixels, but you can still tug one out to 'em...

5: Tifa Lockhart: Final Fantasy 7
Clearly designed by the kind of guy who buys his schoolgirl knickers out of a vending machine daily, Tifa is a strong, powerful character in one of gaming's most-loved epics. But it's the short skirt that makes her so memorable. Might even dig out the old PlayStation to have a little "reminisce" over her.

4: Joanna Dark: Perfect Dark
Perfect Dark was a brilliant N64 first-person shooter with a sexy lady in figure-hugging blue lycra, a posh bird with a sexy voice and a neat line in innuendo. You were seeing through the eyes of a really fit bird and it was well sexy.

3: Cortana: Halo
Okay, she's a piece of Artificial Intelligence, but she's busty, blue and has a sexy voice. She shows up in all the major *Halo* games, offering advice and guidance. You hook up with her every now and then and see her bulbous boobies.

2: Lara Croft: Tomb Raider
Bit obvs, really, but no list of geek crumpet would be complete without Ms Croft, whose pixel-perfect ass we've been following since she first showed up on our PlayStations back in 1996. Yes, you heard right – nineteenbloodyninetysix!

1: Nariko: Heavenly Sword
Heavenly Sword is a fighty game for the PS3 where you basically slay legions of baddies with the titular blade, all the while gazing at the firm ass and thighs of the character you're controlling, pouty-faced Nariko. And this kick-ass bint really has been designed by a nerd with a hard-on.

PRICKIPEDIA

THIS MONTH: THE TITS EDITION

The average female booby weighs 1.1lbs and contains 4-5% of the body's total fat (which is something you probably don't actually wanna think about when you're jizzing on them)

In 2008, there were 307,230 breast enlargements performed in the US (which is enough silicone to fill a couple of swimming pools, I reckon. Not that you'd want to swim in 'em)

Women who smoke are more likely to get saggy tits, as the chemicals in fags break down the skin's elastin (which basically means all the lasses in *Mad Men* would have tits round their ankles by the 1970s)

The average norks size in Britain and the US is 36C (which is good news for those of us who like a handful) ♣

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PHOTOS: HICKS PHOTO

GLASS OF '89! ♣

Denisa is a reflection of perfection...

Club_4001_Denisa DONE.indd 94 15/12/10 22:44:11

Normally, when presented with a 21-year-old looking at themselves in the mirror, we'd tell them to stop preening and look at something more useful instead. Like our balls. But we'll forgive Californian cutie Denisa because, well, she's worth looking at.

"What a mighty fine thing of you to say," she purrs, setting off a chain reaction of tingling in hard-to-reach places. "I don't want to be vain, but we models do have to make sure we're looking okay for the photos. Anything less than perfection and your readers might just flick the page and move on."

We couldn't have that, could we?

"No, we couldn't. I want to be the girl who they lose their load over the first time they pick up the magazine. And once they've done spraying their sweet jizz over the other girls, I hope they'll come back to me and jerk off for me all over again."

Mirror mirror, on the wall, who deserves the most cum of them all? ♣

Denisa goes-a-diddling only at...

www.paulraymond.com/club

Club_4001_Denisa DONE.indd 96 15/12/10 22:44:54

DENISA

What our well-placed moles are telling us this month...

DOWN THE WIRE

Coughing And Glugging Their Way To Prosperity

Russia's finance minister recently urged the public to get stuck even further into the fags and the booze, explaining that the Russian government's new 'sin' taxes mean more revenue.

"If you smoke a pack of cigarettes," Alexei Kudrin proclaimed, "that means you are giving more to help solve social problems" – this despite the fact that alcohol abuse alone is already known to knock off half a million Russians a year and to considerably shorten their lifespan.

In early 2010, Russia doubled the price of vodka in what was supposedly an attempt to curb the high rate of alcoholism. Yet only a few weeks before Christmas, Kudrin urged Russians to go crazy in order to help increase tax revenue that he says will be spent on social services... not excluding alcohol and drug treatment.

Saved By Being Sawn In Half

Bone cancer sufferer Janis Ollson, aged 31, of Balmoral, Manitoba, is recovering well after being almost completely sawn in half three years ago by surgeons at the internationally acclaimed Mayo Clinic, who concluded they could remove her cancer in no other way.

In the course of pioneering surgery that previously had only been tried only on corpses, doctors split her pelvis in half, removed the left half, her left leg and her lower spine in a 20 hour procedure carried out by 12-specialists. For another 8 hours, the team worked on a 240-staple reconstruction which her remaining leg was reconnected to her spine, leaving her in an arrangement which doctors likened to a 'pogo stick'.

Sickened McMaggots: Even Grubs Turn Up Noses At Festering Happy Meal

New York City artist Sally Davies has wowed the art world and terrified fast food diners with her latest conceptual photographic work which documents just how unattractive today's fast foods are to bacteria and maggots.

Sally purchased a McDonald's Happy Meal in April last year and since then she has photographed it daily, noting periodically the lack even of the slightest sign of decomposition. Even her dog has never ventured near it in the past eight months.

Food scientists who have been consulted concerning the fact that, like diamonds, Happy Meals appear to be forever, believe that a heavy use of the preservative sodium propionate, the predominance of fat and the lack of moisture and nutrients all contribute to mummifying the burger and fries.

Triptoe Through The Bullets

A 75-year-old man in Levis, Quebec, recently came a fatal cropper in the woods when he stumbled over a trip wire leading to one of several protective booby traps around his rural property. It appears that the victim had forgotten the precise location of one of the trips, which led to the trigger of a shotgun. And so, farewell.

Man Claims 'Coffee Rage' Made Him Slay Wife

Thirty-three-year-old chancer Woody Will Smith has been convicted of murdering his wife after a jury in Dayton, Kentucky 'deliberated' for 90 minutes before rubbishing his defence of "caffeine psychosis" and finding him very guilty indeed.

Woody Will had claimed that his daily intake of energy drinks, sweet sodas and diet pills had made him temporarily insane when he strangled his cheating wife with an extension cord in 2009: consequently, he had informed police officers following his arrest, he could not see how anyone could possibly hold him responsible.

Some American doctors believe people can fly entirely off their rockers after consuming only four cups of coffee or the caffeine equivalent... but you wouldn't want to have any of them as your GP.

New Ugly Dating Resource Delights The Unsightly

Howard James, a British entrepreneur who operates several online dating sites, has opened another to worldwide attention: a dating service exclusively for 'ugly people'. James claims that his thousands of new members – accepted from the UK, Ireland, the US, Canada and Australia – will have their photos vetted to keep 'attractive' people out.

Explained Mr James as he launched website *TheUglyBugBall.co.uk*: "Half of UK daters aren't pretty, so instead of fishing in a small pool of prettiness... why not dive into an ocean of uglies and have more choice?" ♣

NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE •

ISSUE 40.2 ON SALE 28 JANUARY 2011

Dear Readers, please splosh on me. Yours, Simony!

Teacher Sasha wants you to stay behind after class!

Sonia goes wild – WILD! – wild in the country!

NEVER MIND THE ASHES!

KIKI & AYLIN GIVE THE AUSSIES SOMETHING TO SMILE ABOUT!

Club_4001_NM DONE.indd 99 16/12/10 01:29:22

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